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ADDRESS

OF

HON. E. H. KELLOGG,

OF PITTSFIELD, MASS.,

TOGETHER WITH OTHER EXERCISES CONNECTED
WITH THE

Kellogg

DEDICATION OF THE TOWN HALL,

AT EASTHAMPTON, MASS.,

June 29, 1869.



EASTHAMPTON, MASS.:
FRANK A. BARTLETT, PRINTER.
1869.



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NOTE.

THE Committee appointed to arrange and conduct the dedication of the Town Hall decided at their final meeting, held last July, to have the exercises of that occasion published in pamphlet form. Those to whom the work has been entrusted accordingly present in such form the dedicatory prayer and addresses. In the Appendix will be found a description of the Hall, together with other matter of interest relating to it.

HORATIO G. KNIGHT,
CHARLES B. JOHNSON,
HORATIO N. RUST,
JOSEPH H. SAWYER.

EASTHAMPTON, *October*, 1869.

DEDICATION OF THE TOWN HALL.

THE dedication of the Town Hall occurred on Tuesday, June 29th, at 2 P. M. Hon. H. G. Knight, chairman of the committee of arrangements, called the audience to order and announced the unanimous choice by the committee of Hon. Samuel Williston as President of the day. After an overture by the Germania Band of Boston, Mr. Williston arose and said :

REMARKS BY THE HON. SAMUEL WILLISTON.

I wish to tender my thanks to the committee for the courtesy they have shown me in calling me to this position. Allow me to congratulate the audience for this bright and beautiful day. The rain has gone, and the sun has appeared at our time of rejoicing. We have met for the dedication of this Hall and the memorial tablet which is upon its walls. It is a building worthy the town and the men who reared it. The materials which compose it, are all of the best quality. The workmanship is satisfactory. Great credit is due the architect, Mr. Charles E. Parker of Boston, for the beautiful design. Nor should we fail to pay a just tribute to our fellow-townsmen, Mr. E. R. Bosworth, for his assiduity and accuracy in executing those plans. All the workmen who have wrought upon it deserve our thanks.

Some have thought the building too large, or too costly for the town. Such may be convinced of the contrary by what they see this day. But if any should think it too large for ordinary purposes, allow me to present some statistics relative to the town. I have not the amount of valuation earlier than 1840. The population in 1790 was 457; in 1800, 586; in 1810, 660; in 1820, 712; in 1830, 745; in 1840, 717, a falling off from the preceding; the valuation for this year was \$167,553. In 1850, the population was 1342, and the valuation \$454,030. In 1860, the population was 1916, and valuation \$951,971. In 1865, the former had reached 2869, and the latter \$1,835,560. For the present year, the population, as taken by the selectmen, is 3600, and the valuation \$2,820,992. The gain per cent. in population from 1850 to 1860, was 43; from 1855 to 1865, 107; from 1866 to 1869, it is 26 per cent. It is not necessary to apologize for the committee. All will agree that had they not calculated for further increase in the town, and built for the future, they would not have acted wisely.

I will not attempt any extended remarks. We are honored with the presence of many distinguished men, both in church and state. We also have with us one of Massachusetts' most gifted sons, who will shortly address us. I will only add that it is my desire and prayer to the Giver of all mercies, that he will bless to our good, this, his favor. And let us, thanking him for past prosperity, and confessing our sins, implore his blessing upon us and our children's children for many generations, to the very remotest posterity.

After music, we will unite in prayer with the Rev. Mr. Colton.

PRAYER BY REV. A. M. COLTON.

Almighty God, Father of all mercies, we, thine unworthy servants, do give thee most humble and hearty thanks for all thy goodness and loving kindness to us, and to all men. We bless thee for our creation, preservation, and all the blessings of this life; but above all, for thine inestimable love in the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ; for the means of grace, and for the hope of glory.

We thankfully recognize thy beneficent hand and counsel in providing for us this place and occasion of our assembling together. By thee have we builded an house. In thee are all our springs. Thou hast wrought all our works for us. Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it: except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain.

Thou hast of thy great goodness given the wealth appropriated and expended for this edifice. Thou hast given the heart to devise liberal things concerning it; the skill to plan, and the strength to toil. Thou hast thrown thy protecting shield around the workmen. We make grateful and special mention of thy mercy in this, that from the laying of the first foundation-stone to the bringing forth of the head-stone with rejoicings, thou hast not suffered any the least injury or harm to befall any one of the builders. In this whole enterprise, from its first beginnings to its full completion as at this day, according to thy good hand upon us, we have been guided, and guarded, and prospered.

As Christian people, we gratefully acknowledge thee, of whom, and through whom, and to whom, are all things, as the rightful owner of this house. Thine it is; and we bring it now as our thank-offering, and lay it upon thine altar.

Let it stand before thee, and before us, and those who shall come after us, as a witness for thee that thou art good, and that thou keepest mercy for thousands. Let it stand as a pledge and proof of prosperity vouchsafed by thee to all our industries and interests. Let it stand as a fitting symbol of all good thrift and culture ; as a ministry to purity, and justice, and order, and good morals, and good manners ; as a nurture to virtue, to knowledge, to temperance, and patience, and godliness, and brotherly kindness, and charity. Let it stand here by the side of our churches and congregations, our seminary, our schools, our Sabbath-schools, our homes, and our family altars, to be with them a helper unto the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ. Let the fruit of it be in all goodness, and righteousness, and truth. Let it never be perverted to any uses of impurity and debasement. Let there in no wise enter into it any thing that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie. Let it be defended by thee from all harms and hostile assaults ; from the incendiary, and from lightning, and from the windy storm and tempest.

We dedicate to thee this house—these rooms, these walls and ceilings, these galleries, and platforms, and floors, and seats ; the library, the porch and vestibule, the towers, and the ensign memorial. We have reared our commemorative Tablet, and with affectionate hands have graven upon it the names of those we still love and cherish—those who freely gave up their lives in sacrifice for thee and our native land. And we humbly pray, that oft as we, or our children, or our children's children, or the stranger that shall be among us, shall look upon this monument of our great struggle, the sight of it may bring to loyal and loving hearts fresh incentives to patriotic sentiment and duty ; to loving with a holier

love the land thou gavest unto our fathers,—the land for which thou didst marvelous things in their sight, in the times of old,—the land for which in our day thou hast wrought still greater wonders, whereof we all are witnesses.

Let not the foot of pride come against this goodly temple, nor a heart of pride rest upon it.

We bless thee for the glorious beauty of this world, our present dwelling-place, formed and furnished by thy hand. We bless thee for this day's splendors, the clear shining of the sun, after the abundant showers. We thank thee for the beauty wrought out by art and man's device. May the beauty of holiness shine forth with clear and healing lustre from us, as living temples of thy gracious indwelling. Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us; and establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish thou it.

Bless, we beseech thee, our beloved country, and give us peace with righteousness. Bless our President, and all others in authority, and give them an understanding heart. Bless our soldiers. Bless our firemen. Bless the builders of this edifice, and the building-committee, and all who had part in its construction and beautifying. Reward with thy gracious favor all those who of their substance have contributed, or who shall in any manner contribute for the erection of this house. Bless the citizens of this town; and, as from time to time they shall assemble in this house for the transaction of public business, may all their doings be characterized by wisdom and harmony.

Bless us all from this time forth. And privileged as we are with meeting together here and now in these circumstances so auspicious, we humbly pray, that when this brief life is over, we all, through thy grace in Christ, may be

gathered into thine upper temple, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

Hear now our prayer which we make unto thee. Pardon all our manifold sins ; and accept of us and our services, unworthy though we be, through the merit, and mediation of thy Son our Saviour Jesus Christ ; to whom, with the Father, and the Holy Spirit, be all honor and praise, world without end.—AMEN.

ADDRESS.

BY HON. ENSIGN H. KELLOGG.

I CONGRATULATE you; people of Easthampton. Within these borders, the goodness of Providence is evidently experienced. Contentment may well dwell in your households. He whose lot is cast in one of our superior New England villages, may wander the world for happiness, and will probably find at last, that he left the treasure behind, when he started in its pursuit. Where, for instance, is life worth more than in the throng of towns and villages that troop along the pathway of time under the cheering and parental guidance of our own commonwealth. This zone, trimming between tropic fires and frozen desolateness, and mingling the elements kindly, is so prolific of these auspicious births, that they spread their leafy banners, and lift their signal spires within easy hail of each other all along our borders. The parcel of earth they dwell on, neither rises into such precipitous mountains as to dishearten labor, or sinks into such low plains as to enervate it; and if man's predestinated toil for bread upon these rugged fields, moistens his brow much and often, it is as constantly

cooled by the tireless wing of an attendant breeze. Its occupants inherited the blood, the bone, and the intellectual stature of the most indomitable of the tribes of men. The primordial frame of their civil polity was cast in the mold of that wondrous people who were commissioned of God to go with his oracles into the depths of a continental wilderness, where they might not only hold fast to them personally unmolested, but where, inspired by them, and building upon them, they might, in good time, teach and train the world to Freedom. They have been constantly expanding this frame-work, and clothing it with the comeliness of strength and beauty, under the nurture and protection of a commonwealth that is celebrated through the whole realm of civilization, for the fidelity and success with which it discharges these duties. They are also partakers of the glory of a great, free, and renowned Republic. Fortunate towns and villages! Nor are their residents shut up to rural life any more. The old barriers are all down; and they are actually introduced into a new world. When can we have done with wondering what a few years have done for civilization! Where is the town or village, not merely in this well-trod New England, but within our national bounds, this side of the absolute frontier settlements, that has not ready access to the whole world. Distance does not isolate; mountains do not barricade. Where now are the Arcadian retreats, whose denizens are lapped in the elysium of an un-

broken, pastoral, quiet. Where the happy valleys encircled by mountain ramparts, that the unblessed world never scale? All is changed. Great cities are brought within plain view, and towns and villages are but their environs. The most distant places come near, and every traveler's foot is shod with the speed of Mercury. We speak, one with another, the world over, almost as if face to face. Journeyings, as the world has hitherto known them, are obsolete. Hardly abandoning their homes, these villagers may step into the best commercial marts, dip their hands into the rushing tide of speculation, gratify their taste by the better works of art, enlarge their views of business and of the world, disport themselves in amusements, and regale their spirits in a larger social intercourse: and many of them do enjoy daily these metropolitan advantages, and yet daily partake of the "incense-breathing morn," beneath their own ancestral elms, and watch the glow of sunset from their own native hills. If God made the country and man made the town, these happy villagers have at their command the best specimens of both kinds of workmanship.

Conspicuous amongst these Massachusetts towns and villages, is Easthampton; conspicuous; not for its extent of territory, not for the number of its inhabitants, not for any striking superiority of natural location, not for its early settlement, not for its having been a great battle-field; but still conspicuous; very conspicuous.

The valley of the Connecticut was always, in the eye of husbandry, the most attractive feature of New England. Before the white man appeared on these coasts, it was the resort of the native for his rude attempts at cultivation, and two hundred years ago, when the Pilgrims were rooting their communities on the Eastern coast, and battling with its rugged soil for sustenance, the fame of this wonderful vale reached their ears. In our day even, when the Atlantic prairies of the West have excited the admiration and fixed the gaze of mankind, this valley has not lost its primal rank, or any of its early attractions. Fired with its charms, the Eastern settlers traversed the country between this and Middlesex, scarcely halting; and here, on the skirts of this river-ribboned garden, laid the foundations of these towns; which, after constituting the Pilgrim frontier for nearly a century, now rival, some of them, the beauty of the city of the Arno. And nobly did these towns; Deerfield, Northfield, the Hadleys, Northampton, Springfield and Westfield, sustain their office as frontier guardians, for those many years, until their sons advanced through the rugged defiles of the mountains that had always bounded their Western horizon, and planted their banners upon the slopes of the Berkshire hills. And these towns, and other towns, their children and neighbors, have adorned the mighty skirts of this valley with so much beauty, that in these days of comparative luxury and wealth, it is cherished with the same eager partiality

that it was sought for two hundred years ago, as the granary of the needy Pilgrim.

It was as a part, and under the auspices, of the noble town of Northampton, that the settlement of Easthampton began about 1660. The inviting character of the surface and the soil, engaged them in agriculture, the almost exclusive pursuit of the American colonists at that period. And here on these gentle slopes, on the banks of these streams, and on its quiet plains, under the vigils of these mountain sentinels that God had stationed round them, your ancestors, for over a hundred years, while they planted and sowed annually, that they might reap and gather annually, were sowing the seeds of a slower growth; seeds that germinated, and that, after many days, have ripened into an enviable municipal character, the fruits whereof you are now reaping. If the severe school of adversity is sometimes good for the individual, it is not without its advantages to a community. The massacre of Pascommack will witness that the early settlers of Easthampton had their share in the vicissitudes and perils that beset the frontier communities of those times. But the Easthampton settlers were staid and steadfast men, and soon gave the town a homogeneous and permanent character that was recognized abroad, and which has been retained to this day. They had, in an unusual degree, the spirit that informed the Pilgrims in their emigration hither, and in the founding of their communities. They were absolutely swayed by their

consciences. With faces turned heavenward, they apprehended quickly where duty led, and trampled on all obstacles in its pursuit. Religion, Liberty, and Education, were the three angels that hovered around their pathway, by day and by night, and beckoned them on; and they obeyed the summons. No matter how we may now criticise their beliefs or proceedings, the old pilgrim settler of Easthampton was an honest man; and an honest man is a spectacle, in the sea of human infirmity that rolls and roars over the earth; a spectacle, to attract the regard of angels. The results that might have been anticipated from such beginnings, we have actually seen. An unusually high tone of religion and morality pervaded the community; harmony of feeling and views, and, for this country, a very permanent population, characterized it. The Clarks, the Clapps, the Strongs, the Wrights, the Willistons, the Lymans, the Phelps, the Ferrys, the James, the Knights, the Parsons, the Pomeroyes, the Hannums, the Luddens, the Woods, the Chapmans, the Hendricks; and others well known in your early annals, have abided here, and are here this day. What stakes they have had in this community, and in this country, yonder tablet is a mournful witness. The love of education has always been a feature of Easthampton, not only as it influences the body of the people, but as leading an unusual proportion of its young men to the higher seminaries of learning, to prepare for professional labor in our own country; and in many instances, to

become those heroes in Christian warfare, who abandon civilization, and go to the ends of the earth, to recall them to a better order of things. In short, in the way of education and character, Easthampton has been from the beginning, a good specimen of a New England town. We may say, amongst ourselves, that all New England has been the great school-house of the nation; and however often or much we may find our neighbors outside affecting to poke fun at the old school-house; its pupils are found generally to lead in all the business pursuits and enterprises throughout the country.

But a change has come over your town, fellow-citizens of Easthampton. As the intellectual activity of the New England people soon introduced change and diversity of pursuit quite generally in the country; so that change and diversity, in good time, entered your ancient borders. God ordered that change in great kindness. Suppose, what has rarely happened in New England, that alien and reckless capitalists had seized upon your water-courses, and had plied their mechanical and manufacturing power to its utmost capacity, in cold and churlish isolation from the interests of the town; and, deriding her quiet virtues, had gathered up the fruits and transported them to distant places to be lavished upon the idle shows of life; they might have builded and added, and bricked and mortared, till the poor Manhan stream had been smothered to death; and the last state of the

town would have been worse than the first. But you found a son of your own, whose head and heart were bountifully endowed by the very genius which had presided over the character of your community for generations; who first lifted these structures over the river that sang to his childhood; and he dedicates the prosperity that crowned his enterprise, not only to his own emolument, but, for the love he bears his native town, to your improvement, and to the cause of piety, learning and benevolence. Be not unmindful of your great good fortune in this turn of your affairs. Never forget to cherish the man that consummated it. In this new department of labor, others, your citizens, engage and co-operate, and their views as citizens of Easthampton, it is believed, happily harmonize with those of the original founder. It is an instance of wonderful success in a new pursuit. That pursuit invigorates and strengthens your old and wonted calling. It furnishes the requisite balance in the industry of a community. A due proportion of labor devoted to husbandry, manufacturing and mechanical industry, and to merchandise, furnishes the elements for a vigorous, enlightened, and stable population. Easthampton is a perpetual monument to the value of a diversity of pursuit in a community. This new industry has consulted the time-honored traits of your character. It has enlarged your purposes and given you new capacity to accomplish them. Your churches, your schools, your

libraries, your roads, feel its influence. It has touched with new taste and beauty, all that belongs to you. You feel that the interests of this ancient town, that are now in your keeping, are great and weighty, and that they merit your best care; and in proof of all this, you have erected this beautiful edifice in which we are now assembled, and which we dedicate to the preservation of these great interests. Chaste in style, harmonious in proportion, capacious for the various uses it is designed to subserve, firmly built, on a sure foundation, the edifice and the town are equally worthy of each other—worthy of its accomplished architect.* It is chief among the public edifices that already honor and express the taste, the enterprise, and the liberality, of the town. With the municipal systems that prevail in Massachusetts, the best public edifice in every town, should be its Parliament House, where its democracy holds its annual sessions for the necessary legislation; and the most profitable way the towns can spend a little of the leisurely time of early spring, is in carefully and thoroughly deliberating, discussing, and maturing the measures they adopt. Within these walls may the problems of your town policy always find a true and wise solution, and may the best interests of the town always find here, a secure asylum.

And here comes the youngest born of Easthampton's daughters. Sparkling with delight, wreathed

* Mr. Parker of Boston.

with smiles, and frolicking in flowers, just on the eve of her own anniversary holiday, she hails this celebration in honor of her revered mother; and is all anxiety to present her affectionate felicitations. Incomplete indeed would be the occasion, without her presence. Your young academical institution* is a great blessing to yourselves, but a greater to the country. In its provisions for residence, and appliances for instruction, it has already the features, and almost the dimensions, of a university. In its public benefits, it rivals many that bear that name. Men in all parts of the country, feel and acknowledge the spell that binds them to the academy whose classic groves they walked in their youth. I know no other instance in our land, where private munificence has founded so valuable an institution and given it such fame for usefulness, in the lifetime of the donor. Illustrious man! † Illustrious town! that has reared him. Its borders do not confine his munificence. Great collegiate institutions lean upon it and flourish upon it. It is co-extensive with the wants of piety and learning. But for embarrassing his modesty, I would constitute myself the organ of the public, and address to him personally its gratitude. But he is all-content with hearing it from the lips, and reading it in the eyes, of his fellow-men, and with the consciousness that the world is better for his having lived in it.

* It was the Anniversary of the Williston Academy. † Hon. Samuel Williston.

But you are not all here this day. Many are away, *away*. Do you not expect them? oh, for their presence here with us to-day! how our joy would flow on till night-fall. Forget them we would not; we cannot. They are but just gone. Alas! we are rejoicing when we should be mourning. We see their faces, hear their voices, take their hands. Scarcely are they away. Affection yearns; memory kindles; the veil dissolves; lo! the final scene. Withdraw not your eyes. Hung be this temple in black! Hushed be this house of death! They are again passing in procession to the tomb. Father, mother, wife, child; to you, they wave fond adieus. By their serene aspect, they declare, that the object is worth the sacrifice. Farewell, then, dear soldiers, farewell. You died that we might have a country. Farewell, Strong,* the generous, the brave, the gifted; and all your heroic companions, farewell. What we can, we would fain do, for your memories. Be this monumental tower sacredly yours forever!! Our hearts gladly consecrate it, but are themselves, your more enduring monument. Be this whole edifice sacred to their memories! And it will be. No human violence can ever assail it. No incendiary torch can be lifted against it. No sacrilege will ever desecrate it. With the favor of heaven, it will be kept before the eyes of the countrymen of these slain heroes, for all generations to come.

* General George C. Strong, who fell at Fort Wagner.

“The object was worth the sacrifice,” is the lesson of the hour. Fellow-citizens: if the object was worth the sacrifice, it was indeed a great object. I suppose every town and city in the great North, with scarcely an exception, suffered such losses, in the War of the Rebellion, as you this day deplore. The citizen’s object in fighting and dying, was to save his country. No land ever inspired its citizens with such intense and, at the same time, with such rational, patriotism. Every thing he saw, or heard, or read, or experienced, fed his love for it. Its value he could not compute or measure, but he felt it. In his eyes, it was clearly the ascendant country of the Western continent. A charm pervaded every chapter of its history. The continent itself was a new revelation, to an old world. It was stumbled upon by the Nimrod of the seas, hunting for a new road to old Cathay. Bold mariners inspected its endless coasts on either side. Emigration pitched its camps on the eastern shore, some seeking religious freedom, some lands, some commerce, some placers of gold. In a day as it were, a nation of colonies was born. The native tribes vacated their mighty freehold, as if obeying a civil summons. Industry awoke and conquered every field it was permitted to enter. Commerce studded the coasts with cities, built its wharves, spread its sails, and dispatched its white messengers round the globe. Intrepid seamen chased leviathans around both poles. England and France fought for the pos-

session of the young, eagle-eyed, nation ; and England won. Colonies and provinces enjoyed chartered rights, and liberty seemed ready to haunt our borders. England rested upon us the hand of taxation without our consent ; we resisted, took the occasion to declare the bond of connection entirely dissolved, and establish our independence, by a seven years' fight. The union, that had bound and saved the colonies, was established in constitutional and systematic form. And now the nation put forth its power with redoubled energy. It advanced westward, hewed down the wilderness, and laid New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana, open to the sun. It met England on her chosen element, and broke the spell of her naval supremacy, in defense of sailors' rights. It ploughed the hide-bound prairies on both sides of the Mississippi, and gathered grain enough to feed the world. It piled high its cotton bales in all the cotton marts of Christendom. It seized Mexico, and then tossed back the elephant to its owners. After pocketing California, it scaled the Rocky Mountains, showered the earth with a golden rain, and bathed its brow in the Pacific sea. Its commerce abroad was exceeded by only one nation ; its commerce at home, transcended both. It vexed all seas without, it vexed great seas within, and was wafted on great rivers from zone to zone. Railroads leveled the whole continent to a plain, with great cities, for way stations ; and oceans, their only termini. All this national display was so quick,

so unexpected, that it might well enrapture the American. History elsewhere wearied him like a task; here, its epic movements ravished his soul. A national story; a romance! An original book indeed, in the world!

Beside the enthusiasm that his country's wonderful history inspired in the citizen, he loved it for being a real and noble retreat for suffering men of all nations. He saw substantial meaning in the rhetorical description, "An asylum for the oppressed." He saw men elsewhere not on one level of equality, but in gradations, one above another. He saw that under this form of organized society, the great mass of his fellow-men were slaves; for the man who does not enjoy equal rights with his fellow-man, is a slave. He saw that with them, the right to enjoy life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, was a delusion, a mockery. Land was beyond their reach; choice of pursuit, they had not; voice in the government, none at all; life, a round of sterile toil, for a pittance; without hope for himself, or his children. It was a high satisfaction to the American to see his country swing its doors wide open, and invite all the enslaved of the old world to come in and be freemen. His heart glowed with a manly pride as he saw them step upon our shores, cast off the slave-clothes of centuries, escape from abject demeanor; their frames expanding, their cheeks mantling, their eyes sparkling, in an entirely new atmosphere. Here their benumbed facul-

ties soon begin to play, with the freedom of American life. Predispositions for special pursuits quickly discover themselves. The plough, the anvil, the loom, the commercial desk, the professions, the sea, attract their several votaries, while the spade and the pickaxe are a sure, unfailing, and honorable, reliance for all. The coveted piece of land is within reach of all. The roof rises over the happy owner, his humble household gods gather beneath it; the kindly shade trees hasten to embower it; the tendrils of the cheerful vine clasp it; the grounds around dress up with flowering shrub and floral patch, to pay it homage; and there is the happy American home of the emigrant. Tidings of these good things are telegraphed, by the very atmosphere, back to kindred in the fatherland, and larger numbers prepare to follow. This action of America upon Europe is more and more effective every day, and more than one of her Provinces is lamenting the exhausting process. The wheel of fortune turns slowly but surely. If the nations will not let the oppressed go free, the victims will escape to these shores, and here build a free nation, that will oppress their oppressors by its example.

But the patriotism of the American citizen was inspired, last of all, and more than all, by the popular institutions he enjoyed. All his governments; national, state, county, city and town, were established and conducted by the people, and for the people. No sovereign oppressed him; he himself was the sover-

eign. No government trampled out his rights; he helped sway that government. If his national and state constitutions were permanent, they were established by his consent. If they provided, within themselves, for changes, he studied how they might best be made. The foreign affairs of the nation even felt his influence; and its domestic measures were constantly within reach of his vote. Tariffs, finance, commerce, manufactures, agriculture, railroads, schools, public charities, roads, and town affairs, all engaged his study, because he partook of their management. If the Union expanded to thirty-four states; he felt the enlargement, for he was a member of it. If the growth and strength of his country was almost miraculous; he grew with that growth, and strengthened with that strength. If the National Flag commanded the homage, of the world; it enraptured him, for it was his flag. His possessions as a citizen, exceeded the riches of any mortal, and in his mind, these priceless possessions were, under God, dependent on the Union of the States. It was the sense of this dependence that filled all the roads and by-ways of the North with volunteers when that Union was assailed. Here was the patriotism that called such hosts from the North down on to the lines of the Rebellion. Here was the inspiration under which so many lives were so willingly surrendered.

The assailant of the Union was a monster, and he engaged its defenders in a curious warfare. They

defended their country as a parent would defend his household, against a wild beast. They saw the owners of the monster arrayed against them, and they were filled with wonder; but the monster himself they instinctively knew they must grapple with and destroy, or he would destroy them. The cause that slavery assigned for its attack on the Union, that itself had been attacked, and was in danger from the North; was a pretense. Slavery did not want to live under the same roof with freedom. It could not endure the society of the serene and bright-eyed hosts of liberty; it longed to revel in the license of a more sordid companionship. Exclusive slave empire, *it would have*. It might embrace the whole country, or a part; but *exclusive it must be*. It attempted to sever the country and build upon its southern part, and then add from new regions still further South. But it suddenly expired in the attempt, not according to any pre-arranged way of ours, but according to the higher way of Heaven. And thus we have a key to the solution of the problem of the existence and termination of African slavery in this country.

This continent, this country, was so obviously reserved by nature and providence, as the home of freedom; as the theater for the display and enjoyment of free institutions; as the school for the final political regeneration of the world; that the entrance of slavery upon its fair fields, was a mystery almost as far above the comprehension of man, as the en-

trance of sin into the world. All men recognized it, its occupants proclaimed it, a free land. As such it attracted emigration from all climes. The colonies cherished it as such. The Revolution was fought in its defense, as a land of absolute equal rights. The colonies vouched it in the Declaration; and with an appeal to heaven, pledged all they had in support of it, as the land of Liberty. And yet in its very midst was already established, its open, avowed enemy; its born foe; its eternal antagonist. It abided not in obscure lurking-places; it sought no mountain fastnesses for a defense; it traversed great States, like a sovereign; it blasted fair provinces with its fatal breath. Beneath the plane where man was exhibiting himself in the comely habiliments of a complete enfranchisement, there was another, on which he showed the most utter, hopeless, and naked, destitution; where it seemed to the world, that the family institution was entirely rooted out and cast away; where the human heart seemed furnished with affections, only to be made the instruments of its own torment; where the power of labor was a fruitless endowment; where mental faculties were given, only to be choked and annihilated; where reason lost its scepter; and where the human form itself was only a medium of insult to Him in whose image it was created. Such was a considerable part of that country, all of which was, in theory, a land of freedom. Patriots were confounded by the

inconsistency. The founders of the Republic turned away with loathing from the thing they would not name in the constitution ; and yet in that great charter of freedom, they had to recognize the features, and guarantee the rights of, slavery. But they boldly ordained institutions that contemplated a perfectly free State, and left to God the time in which the truth of the theory should be fully consummated. For to remove slavery without violence was a task before which men stood powerless. Time and prosperity had given it a safe and sure hold. The generations of Southern Americans that had lived since the constitution, were as helpless as we were, to remove it. They were a thousand-fold more unfortunate than we were. It was their unhappy destiny to be born to it, and bred with it; and they became not only reconciled to it, but attached to it. How long! how long! in what way, can the country be relieved of the burden! conscience does not loosen its grasp; argument does not persuade it; freedom's solicitations do not move it; legislation cannot reach it; money cannot buy it; and shipping cannot transport it to foreign shores. Man despairs. Humanity mourns. Human wisdom gives up the task.

But the time had now come, when the institution was to cease, in a manner as mysterious as it had been introduced and established. Peace had no resources that could reach the great result. But when, by declaring war upon the government, slavery clothed it

with war powers, the clouds began to break in the sky, and the final catastrophe was dimly apprehended. Still the government and people, in the spirit of that forbearance with which their constitutional education had inspired them, disavowed the purpose of destroying the institution, and proclaimed, that if it would cease its attacks, it might live. But it was not written in the book of fate, that it should cease its attacks. It continued its attacks upon the Union, and the people rose and slew it. And now there was a revelation. The world began to see why it was that when the hosts were first marshaled in hostile array, the government and the North were so reluctant, to strike down the institution. They desired the assailant institution to desist; if it would not desist, they desired to destroy it, without destroying any more of their fellow-countrymen who had become involved in its support, than was absolutely necessary. The feeling was then an undefined one, even to themselves. Indeed it was the yet inarticulated order of the Supreme Commander of all armies. They felt no burning hostility toward Southern Americans. They commiserated the frantic victims of an inherited lot, that might have been their own, or that of any other people. To defend the Union they were always ready and resolute; but they armed for the contest with regret, and when the battle ceased, and slavery had drawn its last breath, and its defenders were prostrate, they regretted still; they forbore

to use the rights of victors; they comforted, almost caressed, the conquered. Under a stern necessity the requisite surgery was resorted to; the diseased part was removed; and while the patient was convulsed with pain, and his brain reeled with fever, such restraint was tenderly applied as was necessary for his own good. And the requisite pressure must still be applied to the patient, though fast convalescing, till perfect health is restored.

The deed is done. The problem is solved; solved in a way unforeseen of men; and America stands disenthralled of its great burden. The struggle has left the country in mourning, as you mourn to-day; but let us also rejoice; let us hail our beloved country as she enters upon her new career; a career that no pen can describe, no prophet foreshadow. She is free; she is safe; and her complete renovation not only fills us with the dying soldier's consolation that "the object was worth the sacrifice;" but

Asserts Eternal Providence,
And vindicates the ways of God to men.

REMARKS

OF LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR JOSEPH TUCKER.

HIS HONOR LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR TUCKER, upon being introduced, said that he was not aware he was to speak until he arrived in town that day. The unpleasantness of the surprise was mitigated, however, by the announcement on the programme that the remarks were to be brief. He desired to congratulate the town. No man could build a house without showing some of the traits of his character ; so no community could build a house without giving evidence of its prosperity. It was fitting that the men of Easthampton, as they assembled to consult upon the interests of the town, should be surrounded by such harmonious form and color ; and also, as they passed into the building, that they should be reminded of those who died that they might legislate. As one who was proud that he was ever of that grand army, he congratulated them upon that.

APPENDIX.

THE erection of the Town Hall was voted in the fall meeting of 1867. The Building Committee consisted of Seth Warner, E. H. Sawyer, H. G. Knight, L. W. Hannum, E. R. Bosworth, and L. D. Lyman. The foundation was commenced in April, 1868. The corner-stone was laid July 4, 1868. The building was finished and furnished in June, 1869. At a meeting of the citizens, held on a Friday evening in early May, it was voted that the dedication of the Hall should occur during the approaching anniversary of Williston Seminary. The Building Committee, Selectmen, Town Clerk and Treasurer were constituted a committee to arrange and superintend the exercises. They were empowered to add others to their number as they deemed necessary. Accordingly to the original committee were soon joined others, until every portion and interest of the town were represented. The work was, however, apportioned to sub-committees. The principal of these were :—general committee of arrangements—H. G. Knight, chairman of the committee of the whole, Seth Warner, L. W. Hannum, Lewis Clapp, G. L. Manchester and L. D. Lyman ; committee on music—E. H. Sawyer, George S. Clark and J. H. Sawyer ; on promenade concert—R. J. Lambie, F. D. Gould and G. L. Manchester ; on invitations—H. G. Knight, W. N. Clapp and E. H. Sawyer ; on finance—E. H. Sawyer and George S. Clark, the latter being made the treasurer of the whole committee. In due time it was announced that the dedication would occur on the afternoon of Tuesday, June 29th ; that a concert would be given in the evening by Miss Adelaide Phillips and eighteen members of the Germania Band of Boston, and that a promenade concert would occur on Wednesday evening.

Upon the day appointed a procession was formed under the direction of Capt. F. A. Rust, marshal of the day, assisted by J. E. Lambie, O. G. Webster, H. L. Clark and Dr. T. D. Smith. It moved at one o'clock P. M. from the front of Shop Row in the following order :

HAYDENVILLE BAND.

M I L I T A R Y.

FIREMEN.

STUDENTS OF WILLISTON SEMINARY.

D I S A B L E D S O L D I E R S I N C A R R I A G E S.

CARRIAGES FOR ORATOR AND GUESTS.

MOUNTED ESCORT.

CITIZENS.

The route of march was down Main Street to the residence of George S. Clark, across the grounds of E. H. Sawyer to Park Street, from Park through Center, Union, High, Prospect, Pleasant and Main Streets to the Hall—halting along the line of march to receive the orator, trustees of Williston Seminary and distinguished guests. The military in the procession were the old soldiers who had served in the suppression of the Great Rebellion. They were organized for the day under Capt. J. A. Loomis, First Lieutenant J. H. Judd and Second Lieutenant H. H. Strong.

The following programme was observed in the exercises in the Hall :

1. Overture by the Germania Band.
2. Remarks of Hon. Samuel Williston, upon accepting the chair as President of the day.
3. Music.
4. Prayer, dedicating the building to the service of virtue, of good morals and of religion, by Rev. A. M. Colton.
5. Music.
6. Presentation of keys by Seth Warner, on behalf of the Building Committee, to L. D. Lyman, who received them in behalf of the Committee to whom the care of the Hall had been entrusted.
7. Address of the Hon. Ensign H. Kellogg of Pittsfield.
8. Music.
9. Brief remarks by His Honor Joseph Tucker, Lieutenant-Governor of the Commonwealth.

The day will be remembered for its clear sky and pure atmosphere, and a vast concourse of people assembled to witness the exercises. Among the distinguished guests of the occasion were Lieutenant-Governor Tucker, Oliver Warner, secretary of the commonwealth, Hon. W. B. Washburn, M. C., the Governor's Council, Hon. Charles A. Stevens of Ware, Ex-Lieutenant-Governor Hayden, Ex-Councilor Welch of Cambridge, District Attorney Spaulding, Major Morrissey, sergeant-at-arms of the Legislature, Professor Edward Hitchcock, Jr. of Amherst, President W. S. Clark of the Agricultural College, Charles E. Parker, the architect, Sheriff Longley and the County Commissioners.

The concert upon Tuesday evening was attended by fully eleven hundred people, and the least that can be said of it is that it was the finest musical entertainment the town had ever enjoyed. Miss Phillips, especially, was received with enthusiasm by the audience. The promenade concert was largely attended on Wednesday evening.

DESCRIPTION OF THE HALL.

The building, thus dedicated, stands on Main Street, opposite Williston Seminary. Its outside dimensions, exclusive of the towers, are one hundred and four feet in length by sixty feet in width. The foundation is of Mt. Tom sandstone, from the quarry of J. L. Bassett, and of granite from the quarry of W. N. Flynt of Monson. The building is of the Lombard style of architecture—is of brick, laid in black mortar, and its height is relieved by bands of Portland stone. There is much ornamentation of the front, all the windows and doors being adorned with columns and arches of Portland and Cleveland stone, intermingled in great variety. Across the front extends a stone piazza of the same material. The carving of the stone work throughout the structure is elaborate, and it is noticeable that scarcely any two pedestals, or capitals of the numerous columns, are of the same style. The shafts of the pillars in the stone piazza are also cut into various devices. At the north corner of the building stands a tower ten and one-half feet square and seventy-five feet high, ending with a spire sheeted with copper. At the

south corner is the Memorial Tower, twelve feet square and one hundred and thirty-three and one-half feet high. Near the bottom and on the front of this is the Soldiers' Tablet, twelve feet in height, and resting on a base eight feet in height. The Tablet is of white Italian marble, ornamented at either side with columns of black marble. It ends at the top in a triangular block, surmounted at the vortex by a cross, and crosses appear above the columns before mentioned. The inscription reads as follows :

EASTHAMPTON,

1869,

ERECTS THIS TOWER,

A Memorial

TO THESE, HER SONS, WHO DIED FOR THEIR COUNTRY
DURING THE GREAT REBELLION.

Major-General George Crockett Strong, Major in U. S. Army, and Major-General of Volunteers. A student at Williston Seminary. Entered West Point from this Congressional District in 1853. Graduated third in the class of 1857. Received a mortal wound leading the assault on Fort Wagner. Died July 30, 1863, aet. 30.

Killed in Battle.

William Heickey, Co. B, 31st Massachusetts Infantry, at Camp Bisland, La., April 13, 1863, aet. 47. Daniel W. Lyman, Co. K, 52d Massachusetts Infantry, at Port Hudson, La., June 14, 1863, aet. 20. Charles Teneellent, Co. A, 7th Connecticut Infantry, at Olustee, Fla., February 16, 1864, aet. 26. Roland S. Williston, Co. C, 2d Massachusetts Infantry, at Culpepper C. H., Va., August 18, 1862, aet. 27.

Died prisoners of war at Andersonville, Ga.

Of Co. A, 27th Massachusetts infantry: Alvin W. Clark, November 20, 1864, aet. 24. Oliver A. Clark, June 27, 1864, aet. 23. Rufus Robinson, July 12, 1864, aet. 29. Ezra O. Spooner, August 13, 1864, aet. 18. Frederiek P. Stone, January 10, 1865, aet. 20. Of Co. F, 54th Massachusetts Infantry, Charles Rensselaar, aet. 21.

Died of Disease.

Clinton Bates, Co. K, 52d Massachusetts Infantry, at Baton Rouge, La., July 22, 1863, aet. 25. Augustus M. Clapp, Co. A, 3d Ohio Cavalry, at Nashville, Tenn., March 9, 1863, aet. 16. James H. Clark, Co. H, 2d Massachusetts Infantry, at Alexandria, Va., August 14, 1863, aet. 22. Chauncey R. Hendrick, Co. B, 31st Massachusetts Infantry, at Easthampton, September 11, 1862, aet. 41. Daniel Kane, Co. K, 37th Massachusetts Infantry, at Fredericksburg, Va., December 15, 1862, aet. 17. Elisha C. Lyman, Co. A, 27th Massachusetts Infantry, at Newbern, N. C., December 22, 1863, aet. 23. Henry Lyman, Co. A, 27th Massachusetts Infantry, at Newbern, N. C., August 5, 1862, aet. 31. Salmon H. Lyman, Co. A, Anderson's Zouaves, at Davis Island Hospital, August 25, 1862, aet. 22. Herbert W. Pomeroy, Co. K, 52d Massachusetts Infantry, at Plaquemine, La., January 28, 1863, aet. 18. Lewis P. Wait, Co. K, 52d Massachusetts Infantry, at Easthampton, November 22, 1862, aet. 22. Charles L. Webster, Co. K, 52d Massachusetts Infantry, at Baton Rouge, La., July 19, 1863, aet. 23.

At about two-thirds of the height of the tower a balcony projects from the walls, and, surrounding the tower on all sides, affords a convenient place for viewing the four cardinal points of the tower. This balcony is built of Portland and Nova Scotia stone, and there are twenty-eight columns in its circuit. The tower ends in a short spire, and the lightning rod has been made to terminate in three ornamental crosses.

Three large double doors admit the quick entrance and exit of a crowd. There is a wide hall and corridor within, finished in heavy black walnut and brown ash. In the towers are the ticket offices. On either side of the long corridor are arranged the town offices and library. On your right you meet first the selectmen's room, eighteen by twenty-three feet, and then the office of the town treasurer, nineteen by twenty-three feet. Between these there is a small room containing the town archives and safe. The latter was made by the Sanborn Steam Safe Company, and rests upon a brick work laid beneath the floor, the weight of the safe being six thousand pounds. The doors are adorned with paintings of the town seal and seal of the commonwealth. On the left hand side of the corridor are the rooms of the Easthampton Public Library Association—eighteen by twenty-three and twenty-four by twenty-three feet respectively. These rooms are joined by folding doors. At the end of the corridor is a hall for town meetings, twenty-nine by fifty-seven feet in size, and back of this a private staircase leads to the hall above. All the rooms on the first floor are finished in pine, and the windows are of French cylinder glass.

Near the entrance wide staircases lead to the upper hall. They are furnished with massive railings of walnut and ash, and at the foot of the railing of each staircase bronze pillars are erected, surmounted with gas lamps. As we approach the large hall, we pass a staircase in either tower, which leads to what has been christened the front balcony. The main hall is entered by three doors in front and two in the rear. Its dimensions, exclusive of the balconies, are sixty-seven feet long by fifty-seven feet wide, and the balconies are each sixteen feet deep. The spacious stage is approached on either side from the anterooms, one of which is carpeted, as is also the stage. The floor of the hall is provided

with settees affording six hundred and sixteen sittings. In like manner, the front balcony furnishes one hundred and sixty-four seats, and the balcony in the rear of the stage adds one hundred and twenty-six. The room can be made to seat eleven hundred. Here the wood work is again black walnut and brown ash. Two tiers of gas jets light the enclosure. The windows of this story are ornamentally stained. The frescoing of the hall, by William Carl of Boston, is very elaborate. The walls and ceilings are paneled in exquisite colors, and the remaining spaces are occupied with beautiful devices. In a panel of the left ceiling is painted the seal of our Commonwealth—the drawn sword, the Indian retiring from the approaching star of civilization, the motto, *Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietem*. Opposite this, on the right, is the device which has been adopted as the seal of Easthampton. In the distance we recognize Mt. Tom, with its bare rock, while in the foreground is seen a mill with water-wheel and philosophical instruments with a scroll. On a ribbon encircling the device is the motto, *Artes et literæ cum virtute conjunctæ*—"Industry and learning united with virtue." The building is heated by two large furnaces of the Norcross patent, and the large hall is ventilated by a row of ventilators placed in the walls. The entire cost of the Hall was sixty-five thousand five hundred dollars. The tablet cost two thousand dollars. The architect was Mr. Charles E. Parker of Boston ; the builder, E. R. Bosworth of this town. The masonry was superintended by George D. Shoals, and the painting by Frank D. Gould.

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY.

As an outgrowth of the building of this Hall, the town has at length a public library. It has started under very favorable auspices. The town has voted five hundred dollars to provide suitable cases and tables, and appropriated two large rooms for its use. Private donations have also been made, the chief of which are one thousand dollars from Samuel Williston, one thousand dollars from Edmund H. Sawyer, and five hundred dollars from James Sutherland. The library is under the control of an incorporated association. The original incorporators were Samuel

Williston, E. H. Sawyer and Lafayette Clapp. The Principal of Williston Seminary is to be *ex-officio* one of the directors. The full board of directors consists of the four gentlemen already named, together with Rev. S. T. Seelye, Rev. A. M. Colton, W. G. Bassett and C. E. Williams. The present officers are Samuel Williston, President ; E. H. Sawyer, Vice-President ; W. G. Bassett, Secretary ; and C. E. Williams, Treasurer. Provision has been made for the creation of life members by the payment of fifty dollars each. Thirty-eight of our citizens have already availed themselves of the privilege. Any citizen of the town is allowed the use of the books in the rooms, and, upon the payment of one dollar a year, he may take them from the rooms. There are at present one hundred and fifty-two of these annual members. The library numbers already fifteen hundred volumes, and appropriate engravings adorn the walls.



MAY 75



N. MANCHESTER,
INDIANA

